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YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



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Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

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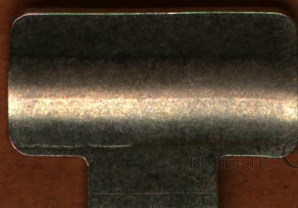
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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine, established February, 1836, besides being the oldest college periodical, is the oldest extant literary monthly in America; entering upon its Seventy-fourth Volume with the number for October, 1908. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen by each successive Senior Class, from the members of that Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the Notabilia college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the Memorabilia it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; in the Book Notices and Editor's Table, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office, or left at the office of the Magazine in White Hall. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. The Editors may always be found in the office on the first Monday evening after the announcement of contents, where they will return rejected manuscript and, if desired, discuss it with the contributors. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

The Magazine is issued on the 15th day of each month from October to June, inclusive; nine numbers form the annual volume, comprising at least 360 pages. The price is \$3.00 per volume, 35 cents per single number. All subscriptions must be paid in advance, directly to the Editors or their authorized agents, who alone can give receipts therefor. Upon the day of publication the Magazine is promptly mailed to all subscribers. Single numbers are on sale at the Coöperative Store and book stores. Back numbers and volumes can be obtained from the Editors.

A limited number of advertisements will be inserted. The character and large circulation of the Magazine render it a desirable medium for all who would like to secure the patronage of Yale students.

All communications with regard to the editorial management of the periodical must be addressed to Robert D. French, Chairman. Communications with regard to the business management, to John W. Ford, Business Manager. Both should be sent care of THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE, Yale Station, New Haven, Conn.

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VOL. LXXIV.

MAY, 1909

No. 8

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF 1910.

ARTHUR E. BAKER

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ROBERT D. FRENCH

HOWARD V. O'BRIEN

T. LAWRASON RIGGS.

BUSINESS MANAGER,

- - - -

JOHN W. FORD

ODD MOMENTS.

THE plea is often advanced, as an excuse for never having been to West Rock, or for having the slightest of nodding acquaintances with the Jarves Collection, that the delinquent has time for such matters only at odd moments. By a strange sort of tacit agreement, this explanation is generally accepted as satisfactory and final. As a matter of fact it should be neither. The most leisured members of our community can expect no more than a reasonable number of odd moments, the busiest should allow himself no less. But perhaps our busy man, up to his conscientious ears in extra curriculum activities, will point to these as his incidentals. If he does, he is playing into the hands of the old grads who decry the over-organization of our modern college life, for these pursuits take far too much of his time if they really are outside of his curriculum, mere relaxations having no part in his education. He had better admit at once that they are essen-

tials, he had better call them *con curriculo* activities if he wishes to defend them. But having vanquished the old grads, he is still open to the original charge. He needs true odd moments, to be used as he chooses, moments free for that fine novel he has so long meant to read, for those country walks with a congenial classmate, so fruitful in stimulating confidences, for that diary that might some day have been so priceless.

The trouble with most of us is not, however, that of our conscientious comrade. We have enough, nay, too many odd moments, but having them know not how to use them. Odd moments of the perfectly legitimate variety, when we have nothing in particular to do, are of course meant, for we are not engaged in the somewhat guileless task of prescribing for the idle intervals of shirkers. Even to the moderately dutiful, at least after sophomore year, when odious two- and three-o'clocks are no longer the rule, many afternoons are but long odd moments. Instead of rejoicing at these countless opportunities, we are frankly bored, we loll aimlessly on hospitable window-seats, perhaps we finally fall, in sheer desperation, into the Poli habit. There may be some who are entertained by two hours and a half of banal vulgarities, there may be others who are honestly willing to endure barren stretches of hackneyed pleasantries and still more hackneyed wiles for an oasis or two that is "darn funny." But if we have a spark of optimism in our make-up let us devoutly hope that neither of these classes is as large as the daily Yale contingent at said resort would lead us to suppose. Surely many go because they are too lazy to find something better to do.

Even in the winter their excuse is ridiculously flimsy. Granted the perils of our winter climate, there remain plenty of profitable employments indoors. If the bored ones have no unanswered letters; if they persist in hiding their slothfulness about a scrap-book with the pretence that they think it prepschoolish, let them browse in the Library. Yes, we marked the sneer, but there is really no reason why the mention of

browsing in the Library should evoke the picture of a spectacled nose between the covers of a musty volume. Everybody is interested in some subject, while nearly every subject can be pretty thoroughly investigated with the resources at our command. A course of reading on guinea-pigs, or yes, even on motor-boats, should prove an admirable haven from the oceans of February slush. It may be remarked in passing that February slush scarcely deserves to be such a scapegoat. It is entirely mythical some years, while every winter has days when the pastel-shaded loveliness of the country ought to fascinate the most unesthetic Philistine. In the Spring, on the other hand, this gentleman simply hasn't a leg to stand on. With every wood a world of marvels, waiting to be mentally photographed as an unfading antidote to the ugliness of New Haven, all for the price of a trolley-ride, any number of odd moments can be most profitably spent in the romantic calling of the explorer.

After all, the wonder is that so much, not that so little, can be accomplished in odd moments. When so many priceless chances are vouchsafed us for storing up pungent memories that will restore the somewhat unreliable savour of our regular tasks, or for glimpsing inquiringly into a hundred contemplated fields of endeavor, it matters not whether we call our improvement of these opportunities work or play. The great point is to be doing something all the time. True, the best, nay, the only thing to do at times is to do nothing, but these are few and far between. In general we need to realize that work and play are complementary, not contradictory terms. If work means having a purpose, let us work at play. If play means enjoying ourselves, let us play at work. For it is the combination of purpose and pleasure that accounts for most miracles of achievement.

T. Lawrason Riggs.

THE RULES OF THE GAME.

MR. YUMA KID was a prominent member of the community. On occasion the description "notorious" had been substituted, but there was something in the ring of the word the described did not particularly relish, and after one or two attempts to introduce it the usage languished. Possibly this was because the Kid didn't look notorious. If he had been born in a death-trap of an east end tenement, no one would have dreamed of styling him notorious. So much for the civilized environment where both fame and right are dependent on physical might. The chances are, however, that he would have drifted into prominence on the precinct blotter just as casually as he did on the rolls of fame in the freer West.

With the usual perversity of woman kind, Clotho and Lachesis had conspired to set the scene of his entrance and early existence in this vale of sorrow via that metropolis which, in the absence of any more definite cognomen, had obligingly furnished his first name. During a crowded score of years ensuing, he had successfully evaded the attentions of Atropos. Wherefore he waxed mighty, making a name for himself from the Colorado to the Platte, and men marvelled exceedingly because, as has been pointed out, the Kid was more or less of a joke in appearance. As a matter of fact he was a joke, not precisely the sort reckless observers sometimes laughed at, 'tis true, but a grim practical joke of Nature's on the over-bearing and brow beating of the race.

Mild of expression, blue of eye, apologetic of manner, he was under-muscled for even his slight build. Needless to say it was not these obvious physical attributes which had raised the Kid to prominence. Some men have backbone, others a streak of yellow in place of it. The Kid had a whipcord of pure steel nerve where his spinal column ought to have been, and it came cropping out at all odd times. This was a most valuable asset, but it was backed up by a still more valuable

ambidexterity of movement. In the language of his contemporaries, he was "natchul born chain lightnin' on the draw," and it was this split second rapidity of reach which had long been the means of his eluding the Lady of the Shears.

Taking public recognition of this — which is all that prominence amounts to — his fellow-citizens had unanimously elected him town marshal, on the theory that it would be a loss to humanity should such extraordinary skill with Mr. Colt's products be allowed to grow rusty through disuse. Also Stricknine, Nev., is by no means a metropolis, and it objected (again unanimously) to having its best saloon, the "Lonesome Gent," shot up by drunken Mexicans from the railway construction camp every Saturday night. After much waste of good "rot gut" and the untimely retirement from circulation of the only authority on cocktails in town, the problem was satisfactorily settled by the election of Yuma Kid. Thereafter on three successive Saturday nights did restless spirits descend on the "Gent" as was their wont. then their visitations ceased most abruptly and Stricknine drank in the peace of its own routine internal dissensions, while Transcontinental stock dropped eight points on 'change because of "reported labor trouble in construction work."

The Kid's pride in achievement was just but excessive, and it grew to transgress all bounds of reason. Having taken up the novel task of upholding the law after several strenuous years of endeavors along the opposite course, he ruled Stricknine as the tyrants of old, and his sceptre of office was a blue steeled nine-inch .44. Stricknine became terribly, fearsomely good. The wave of righteousness swept over the town completely engulfing its forty-odd 'dobe and pine buildings. It became extremely unhealthy to transgress the exact letter of the law as interpreted by the ruling justice. The game in the Lonesome Gent was compelled to shut up shop because honesty and faro-banks do not thrive in company and the dealer made the fatal mistake of trying to get the drop on the Kid. Stampeding, owing to numerous casualties, ceased to be a lucrative form of occupation for passing cow-punchers, and business

along many lines ordinarily considered strictly legitimate, waned and died under the Kid's watchful scrutiny.

Even gentlemen with personal differences to adjust no longer felt free to nod to each other across Main Street and take a chance on the smoke clearing away with the right man still standing. Stricknine had not figured on being reformed, and the sensation was distinctly unpleasant. Disturbing as they had been, the Saturday night raids of the past were preferable to this enforced era of peace on earth, good will toward man, with no gambling, shootings or lynchings — not even a dog fight to liven things up. The millennium was arriving post haste, but the situation had become intolerable, when relief descended on the hapless community in the shape of Miss Culver.

In some inexplicable manner an all-wise government in Washington had suddenly become alarmed at the dense ignorance in which a juvenile population "of a territory centering in Stricknine, Nev." — and consisting by exact count, of five boys and two girls — were growing up. Accordingly many miles of red tape were slowly unwound with the net result that the wheels of state, after ponderous grindings, plucked up Miss Culver from Brookline, Mass., and deposited her at Stricknine, "a town at the temporary end of the Transcontinental's Nevada short line." It is still an open question as to whether the supposed beneficiaries of her efforts appreciated her, but Stricknine, in general, approved of her because the Yuma Kid, in particular, transferred his attentions to her.

Women were no novelty to the Kid. There was quite a shifting female population in Stricknine, members for the most part, of that most ancient of all professions, and with reputations of such a shad as to preclude either the pot's or the kettle's entering into comparisons. Miss Culver was different — quite different. For one thing, the Kid never found out her first name. Yet in his heart there sprang up by slow degrees a sort of uncomfortable adoration which made him dance constant attendance on her, and feel very miserable over nothing

at all when he wasn't in her company. She, on her part, was frankly amused at the bashful, undersized boy who insisted on anticipating her every wish and was so acutely conscious of his hands and feet in her presence. Her friends had painted the dangers of Stricknine in glowing colors, but not a sign of danger of any kind had she seen. Accordingly she wrote home about the chivalrous conduct of the men, and punctured the danger bubble in every letter.

She could not be expected to know, of course, that her freedom from unpleasant experience was due solely to the fact that this ridiculous little man-boy insisted on riding out to the school with her every morning and returning with her horse for her every afternoon at recess time.

Stricknine was perfectly willing to accord her any respect the Kid wished, because under his shameful neglect of official duties for her, the town was gradually swinging back into its former comfortable customs. As events progressed, the Kid became more and more miserable away from her and she became more and more amused when he was with her, which was practically all the time it might well be, to the unconfined joy of the community. During long spring evenings she would sit and read to him at her feet, of strange lands and peoples. Once when she spoke of the knightly chivalry of the men about, he demanded quickly to know her meaning. Whereupon she produced a weird book by a man named Malory and read the most belief-stretching yarns, while the Kid listened attentively, politely hiding his obvious doubts. Thus through one evening and afterwards through many more.

Now Miss Culver was a very estimable young lady and it must not be thought that because she saw the danger signals flying in the Kid's every action and speech, and still chose to disregard his peril, that she was entirely to blame. She liked him immensely — he was such good company — and after a girl has survived a dozen more or less serious flirtations, her sense of the real seriousness of it all is warped. All in all, she was having a great deal of fun where she frankly thought it was going to be a bore — in spite of her friends' direful

prophecies — and the temptation to “play” him was simply irresistible. The trouble arose in the fact that the Kid did not understand the game; faro and stud-poker were *his* specialties, so it was only to be expected that he should lose his first hand at hearts. He grew entirely miserable during school hours when she was wasting herself on the children, and roamed morosely over the wide-flung prairie, hunting jack rabbits and rattlers with a vindictive pleasure.

Events could not long continue thus, and Miss Culver would have eventually been forced to forfeit her entire claim to the Kid’s heart and descend to her proper level of the genus flirt, had not the railway Mexicans seized the opportunity for a resumption of their former pleasantries. Encouraged by the trend of incident in Stricknine and some dozen quarts of “red-eye” which had drifted into camp in some mysterious manner, a dozen or so of them loped in on the Lonesome Gent one Saturday afternoon, a few hours ahead of their former schedule. A general dispersion of those thirsty ones present ensued, together with much incidental target practice and the relegating to the scrap heap of such mirrors and cut-glass as the proprietor had been rash enough to invest in during the period of fancied security. Having shot up or drunk up everything visible in the Gent, the half-breeds paraded up and down Main Street with the memory of past disasters rising up in their hearts. The procession finally halted before the Kid’s abode and many voices entreated him to come forth, the request punctuated with frequent fancy shooting at the door panels. Disturbed by this and not wishing to fight the crowd single-handed, the landlord stuck his head out an upper window and informed them that the marshal was out at the schoolhouse at present, adding certain accidents which were due to happen suddenly and with great force to any drunken greasers who chanced to be in town when he got back. Those alluded to received this information with yelps of joy, and, after a parting fusillade, galloped off down the trail toward the school, chanting Apache scalp-music as they went, leaving Stricknine to take stock of damages, swear, and prepare for retaliation.

Miss Culver and the Kid were just mounting for the ride to town when the cloud of dust and the faint snapping of distant revolver shots caught his eye and ear simultaneously. In the far West one doesn't take chances on such phenomena, so the Kid found a pretext on which to delay their start for a few minutes. When the dusty column resolved itself into fourteen very drunk Mexicans — who fired alternately at the sage brush and the sky, as the idea occurred to them — the Kid thanked his luck that they hadn't started. Pulling the frightened girl back into the deserted schoolhouse, he piled up a barricade of desks to one side of the door and led her behind it. The Mexicans had halted and dismounted some hundred yards off, and were leisurely taking stock of the situation before rushing their sworn enemy; accordingly, the Kid had a few invaluable seconds at his disposal. In a short sentence or two he explained the situation.

"This is that thar crowd of half-breeds that used to shoot up the Gent. I perforated a couple of 'em and they're paying me a sorter return call. They ain't none of 'em kin shoot — specially bein' lit up — an' I don't reckon on no amount of trouble. I shore am put out that they try to stick me up hyar along with you, but it cain't be helped. Don' you git skeered, Miss Culver, but jess sit tight an' I'll run thet bunch of mavericks off the place. But, if they should drop me, mind now it ain't a chanct in a millyun, you shore got to be heeled. Hyar, tek this," handing her one of the two big blue-black .44's that swung from his hips," and if by any accident they git me you know what to do. A drunken greaser's wuss'n an Indian. You'd better shoot here," tapping her white forehead with a stubby forefinger, "understand?"

Dumb with horror the girl nodded and rocked back and forth behind the little mound of desks in silent terror. His assumed bravado did not deceive her and the fear of death and worse was in her heart. She tried to pray, but her teeth chattered and the words stuck in her throat. Fascinated, she watched him demolishing the fastenings of the two nearest desks as he spoke. This uprooted furniture he proceeded to

pile into the doorway as a sort of rude barricade. With a last glance at the chambers of his weapon he stepped into view behind the improvised shelter. His appearance was the signal for a chorus of yells, patois, threats and insults. "What 'n'll you all want?" demanded the Kid, belligerently. The gang paused in the act of loading their guns and remarked that he was what they wanted. "Well, hyar I am, come on and git me, ye half-baked scum, but I'm sartin goin' to damage somebody some plenty."

The girl watched him swaying easily from side to side there in the narrow threshold, alert, unafraid, about to fight for her, and the enveloping fear sloughed off of her like a snake's old skin. Also she knew him for no half man, half boy, but for somebody that was more than amusing, more than congenial, to her. These things she thought of disconnectedly and with exceeding rapidity, while love welled up in her heart. She forgot that her life was in deadly and immediate peril, forgot the drunken terrors which were even now starting their advance, forgot all her carefully-modulated Eastern training, and longed but to put her arms about this man's neck and tell him she loved.

Your ordinary cross-line greaser has partaken largely of Indian habits and instincts through a somewhat checkered ancestry, and one of his ingrafted peculiarities is a hearty hatred of a cold-blooded, stand-up, knock-down gun-fight. He has no particular objection to slipping a knife into the small of your back, and shooting from ambush readily appeals to him. He has to be very drunk or "plumb loco," however, before he can gaze calmly into the business end of a revolver, also in the midst of intoxication this view has a rather sobering effect. Now the Kid was banking on this racial trait, wherefore he stood in the doorway laughing joyfully with the battle-lust in his eyes while the bullets whined past or spat viciously against the wall beside. The girl did not know that this seemingly reckless foolhardiness was all a part of the trick, and she cowered beside him with a new fear — for him. He motioned her back again, and as he gestured a red dash sud-

denly sprang out on the tan of his forearm. She sobbed aloud, but he still stood there grinning sardonically at the approaching firers, while the blood dripped off his fingers, forming a little pool on the floor.

His attitude was having the desired effect, and, as they came on, the advancing ones involuntarily glued their eyes on that long barrelled revolver which swung in his right hand by his side. Presently that arm would straighten out, the revolver would speak, and, as the Kid seldom missed, somebody would suffer. Each of the Mexicans made an immediate resolution that that someone would not be himself, for a drunken fight is one thing, but a bullet through your heart entirely another. The charge naturally slackened somewhat as the whiskey-befogged brains went through this mental process, and when the Kid saw the psychological moment was at hand he gathered himself for the test. Nearer — nearer — nearer came the half-breeds, yelling to keep up their courage before this contemptuously-laughing man whom they couldn't hit, by reason of much bad whiskey. Suddenly the Kid's easy attitude became tense. Abruptly he shifted his feet and threw up his arm — that deadly right arm.

Instantly the uncertainly-wavering line of Mexicans spun about as a unit and fled precipitously, but the Kid's foot had slipped on the bloody floor and he fell sideways with a crash. In a flash, cat-like he was on his feet again, pouring forth curses and flying lead after the erstwhile attackers. They gained their horses again in safety, however, and rode away still more or less drunk, shouting back insults in low Spanish. It was all a part of the game and nobody had been hit by the terrible "gringo."

With a sigh of relief the Kid turned to the girl. She was sitting in the same position, gazing out through the doorway with steady round-eyed stare of horror, while the smoke curled enquiringly up from the muzzle of the huge Colt in her pathetically small grasp. In the center of her forehead was an evilly black hole.

"Hell!" said the Kid.

Robert Bowman.

THE BUDGET.

Naught but peace from the provinces,
And the subject cities over seas,
In Yemen they have abased the Khan,
The Vali of Egypt is taken and slain,
And the rebel captain of Kurdistan
Has got the bit in his teeth again.
The Tunis corn ships are overdue,
But Brian of Malta's Christian crew
Was seen but a se'ennight since off Crete,
And God knows what has become of the fleet.
Naught of mark from the palace court
But a new decree of the Sacred Porte:
This year the turbans of Samarcand
Are forbid by law, and the Sultan's hand
And seal will be set thereto to-day.
The Sheik-ul-Islam will have his way.
Yestre'en, upon the Belvedere
The eunuchs strangled the grand vizier,
And the Sultan's favorite bayadere.
Allah is great, but isn't it queer?
Naught from the city, nay but wait,
This morning under the golden gate
A falling roof-tile broke the pate
Of Mehamet Ali, the cobbler's son;
Poor lad, his stitching days are done.
He died at noon.

What? What? Dead?

Yea, by a tile from overhead.
Ha, Yusuf, they are evil days,
That slay a man in the midst of his ways;
The women are weeping and drooping the head,
Mehamet Ali our friend is dead.
"So it is written," the prophet said.
Naught from the provinces, naught from the court,
Save battle and murder and music and sport,
But Mehamet Ali our friend is dead.

Leonard Bacon.

Ten Eyck Prize Essay.

SOCRATES AND ARISTOPHANES.

IN his play, "The Clouds," Aristophanes presents us with the following dialogue:

STREPSIADES—Come, who is this man up there in the basket?

DISCIPLE—Himself.

STREPSIADES—Who's himself?

DISCIPLE—Socrates.

STREPSIADES—Socrates! my little Socrates!

SOCRATES—Why callest thou me, thou creature of a day?

STREPSIADES—Tell me, I beseech you, what are you doing?

SOCRATES—I am walking in the air and speculating about the sun.

STREPSIADES—And so you look down upon the gods from your basket and not up from the earth?

SOCRATES—I should never have rightly discovered things celestial, if I had not suspended the intellect and mixed the thought in its subtle forms with the kindred air. For the earth forcibly attracts to itself the mediative moisture. Water-cresses also suffer the very same thing.

STREPSIADES—What's that you say! Does mediation attract the moisture to the water-cresses? Come down from your basket and talk with me concerning these things.

For many of us to-day Socrates seems to have little that is of practical value. The spirit of Aristophanes which puts the man up there in the basket speculating about the sun is much our own point of view. To most of us there is something absurd, ridiculous, to see the man, Socrates, walking about the streets of Athens and discussing the immortality of

the soul. We glance about us and see the affairs of life run smoothly on and shun the man who would question his way into many problems. Why question things? Why not conform? Why not throw one's self into an environment and take our share in this or that detail of life and push with our fellows? These are the questions of many honest men and these were the questions of Aristophanes. He was honest, he thought he saw something humorous in this man Socrates. If we can laugh our way through life why not shun the ideal, the idealist? For Socrates was an idealist. Disgusted with all the contradictory views of the schools of philosophy, Socrates sought relief for the problem in his attention to human relations, duties, and realities of Athenian life. He sought for an ideal, a clear cut vision of the relation of this life to the eternal in the light of which all the smaller details of life should arrange themselves. This ultimate ideal of his was very practical; good and rational purpose in conduct, whatever our trade or calling, is the highest duty. To reach this ideal he questioned himself, he questioned others, he questioned his surroundings and it was this that offended. The one thing that he would not do was to conform to any phase, any habit of life until he was sure he saw it in harmony with his ideals.

The men are both with us to-day. We have right here at Yale the man Socrates, the man who would seek to question our habits, our traditions, the man who when he comes among us talks with us concerning these principles which we hope are the rock-bed of our institution. What does he meet? He meets Aristophanes. He hears the charge, thou shalt not question but conform! Conform! We ask him first of all to conform to Yale's democracy. We speak with pride of Yale democracy, but ought we not to question it? Look at our social life. Yale College is the home of five Junior fraternities. The ideal of any Greek letter fraternity must be one of brotherhood, and advancement of scholarly and literary ideals. Just as soon as it becomes a goal for purely athletic or social honors it has lost its primary usefulness to the college

world. Just as soon as the election to any college office is dependent upon the vote of this or that fraternity, just then is our ideal of democracy in danger. Just as soon as control of this or that organization is the boasted pride of any fraternity, just then that fraternity aims a blow at Yale's democracy. Should we ask men to conform to this? And yet this is what we are doing and when they do not conform, when they question this democratic ideal of ours, are they not suspended in the basket with Socrates?

And now our religious ideal. It is this which to an outsider is one of our marked characteristics. Yet is it pure? Have we a spiritual ideal which can welcome criticism? Why is it necessary that professors after conducting the chapel exercises should feel that they must write to remonstrate against the reading of newspapers and letters in morning chapel? If reverence toward spiritual things be any part of a religious ideal ought we not to question? We are asking men to conform to our religious life and what do they sometimes find? That our religious life is superficial, that it is becoming an enumerated factor of our extra curriculum activity. No longer is the religious ideal a thing of the spirit for most of us, but rather a business; something which, if it is to amount to much, must find expression through conforming to what we term Dwight Hall. There are men among us who have true spiritual ideals, men who seldom see the interior of Dwight Hall; and yet when we think of it, how do we judge them? It is with the thought that they do not amount to much in a religious way because they do not conform to our notion of college religion, rather than with the thought that quite apart from our way of doing things they are working out spiritual ideals which cannot find expression among us because of our own superficiality and narrowness. Can our religious ideal be realized in its fullest beauty till our class deacons are sure that social honors are tendered them quite apart from their office and the question of fraternity politics? These are questions that could never be asked were our religious ideal not in the basket with Socrates, and we at play on the ground beneath.

We are bothered to-day by this question of extra-curriculum activity. It is a question which would solve itself were our intellectual ideals the goal to which our attention is turned. To maintain our scholarship would not then be a question of stricter entrance examinations. When men put the same grit, the same determination, the same interest in attaining scholarly success that they expend in making good in other College activities, our intellectual ideals will assume their proper proportion. When the man who achieves scholarly honors in a fair and generous way receives a just share of our social honors, then our scholarly ideals are safe. We have an elective system. It may be a friend or foe of our intellectual ideals. A curriculum exists for training, training which comes from application to certain principles of mental development. We take up our elective pamphlet and choose our courses. Is it with a spirit that this or that task is but a test which will make us measure up to our fellow-student, or is it with the thought that this course is to be avoided because the professor marks hard or seldom gives a cut? One or the other it must be, one makes for an intellectual ideal, the other shakes hands with Aristophanes.

The truth is that many of the best of us are with Aristophanes. Yes, these democratic, these religious, these intellectual ideals belong to us; but when our Yale life seems so interesting and the Yale spirit is finding expression in so much that is good, why question our ideals? Why, when all seems to run so smoothly, why tolerate this Socrates? The carelessness of these ideals on the part of many of us is the attitude which Socrates protests against. It is the indifference, yes, the disgust with which we greet the man who in the honesty of his heart questions our ideals which makes us resemble Aristophanes.

It has been said that Yale College is not great because of her Faculty, nor again because of her undergraduate body, but because she was born in and has inherited the ideals of the 18th Century. It was a century which sought an ideal for life and let trivial things fall into line. So did the founders

of Yale. Their truth to these democratic, religious, and intellectual ideals found expression in the words of our charter, "To train men for service in Church and State." So when we are engaged with the question of politics in our fraternity life, when we feel the superficiality of our religious life, when we are unduly emphasizing the importance of our athletic teams, when all these questions and many more are bothering us, will we not see that they are questions which touch our ideals? Will we not tolerate, will we not heed those voices of 1701 which are calling on us jealously to guard our democratic, our spiritual, and our scholarly life? We will, for the Yale spirit is too fine; youth is too fond of the ideal not to wrestle with all which would seek to furnish it. So let us lower that basket and talk with Socrates; let us make our ideals a part of us, ready, through every sacrifice, to face these issues fairly; and then Yale may speak with pride of her democracy, her spiritual and intellectual ideals.

S. E. Keeler, Jr.

HER FORTUNE.

(ELIZABETHAN SONNET.)

Like Flaccus' Leuconoe, thou wouldst pry
With Babylonian numbers into fate,
For, 'neath a waning moon, thou sayst, of late
To wizened sibyl didst thou furtive hie,
Who, babbling long of house and zodiac,
Did scan thy dimpled palm with muttered spell,
And seethed weird horrors in her caldron black,
With riddling words thy fortune to foretell.
Were not perchance a horoscope more true
This proffered rose that from thy kisses stole
Far more consummate spice than ever grew,
That, breathing, I might breathe thy cruel soul?
Pregnant indeed with woe its rare perfume,
But fear not, fickle one — *mine* is the doom!

T. Lawrason Riggs.

THE EMPIRE SPIRIT.

“**A**ND charge them to M’sieur Antoine!” shouted a voice, and a wild figure shot out of the pastry cook’s shop and vanished like a streak of sunlight up the street. A tremendous clatter on the stairs leading up to the second floor, and another wild figure tumbled out of a dark doorway, picked itself up, picked its hat up, and chased after the first figure, zigzagging through a knot of idlers lounging on the hot sidewalk. But figure No. 1, having a good start, had turned the corner into the Boulevard St. Michel, before figure No. 2 rounded it like an automobile race, and almost ran over its prey, which was standing on the sidewalk, bowing before a charming soubrette.

“Mademoiselle, may I offer you an éclair?” The speaker gallantly presented the young lady with one bit of pastry, daintily placed another in his own mouth, shoved four or five more into his pocket, licked his thumb and stared complacently at the automobile race, which stood puffing impatiently on the pavement.

“Thérèse! — a most fortunate meeting! I—I—*pardon*, but those are *my* éclairs!”

“Why, Antoine, I might have known it — they are delicious. But why do you puff so?”

“That Philippe and his friends!” ejaculated Antoine, shaking an angry fist (for the automobile race was the very gentleman referred to *in principio*) — “they are all alike, — they come up to my room, clap me on the back for a good fellow, run downstairs and eat up the pastry cook’s whole shop on the ground floor, — and charge it all to me! And I can never catch them, and my bills are—oh—so long!” He stretched his left hand down almost to the sidewalk, and pointed his right hand up at a *cocher* sleeping on his box, who opened one eye, muttered, “Five francs an hour,” and immediately shut it again.

Antoine was very short, but very fiery, when aroused. He

had soft brown eyes, with long eyelashes which covered them like the leaves covering the grapes in the vineyards of his native Languedoc.

"Come," said Thérèse, "let's be friends. I have finished at Madame Emélie's, and it is getting late. You may both escort me home."

Philippe had acted throughout with the utmost composure. He had an almost malicious twinkle in his eye, as he offered Thérèse his arm. Antoine from the other side tried to draw himself up and look disdain over the top of her head, but failed miserably, and ended by peeking around. Then they turned back into the Rue de Vaugirard.

Do you know the Rue de Vaugirard, beyond the river — the Seine, with its busy little "mouches" poking inquisitively up and down. its penny baths and shelving cobblestone banks, where poor laundresses chase the mongrel dogs from their linen? Cross the Pont Neuf to the Isle de la Cité, past the equestrian statue of the good King Henri Quatre, thread your way amid innumerable *bouquinistes* and curio shops, thick with the dust of ages, turn to your left, right, — so — there you are. It is the Quartier Latin. You may saunter under the eaves of the crooked stone houses, gaze up and wonder at the crazy pile of tiled roofs and gable ends bristling with black chimney pots, — until you fairly run over a delightfully fat and irritable *cocher*, seated right out on the sidewalk, in his own particular iron chair before his own particular café, eating luncheon, and drinking a bottle of *vin ordinaire*, while the horse and cab stand waiting patiently at the curb.

It is impossible to stray very much farther without meeting a student returning from the Sorbonne or the Beaux Arts, or the Collège de France. A single glance at Philippe and Antoine as they walked along would have told you that they belonged to the great *genus Ars*. Antoine had left a widowed mother to come and study in Paris — that Paris which he loved with all the warmth of the Midi. And as he walked through the Quartier there with Thérèse, he was thrilled almost as much by his surroundings as by the girl at his side. Musing, they

drifted with the tide of faces, and a milk cart rattled the dust out of the cracks of the cobblestones, and the smell of the sun-baked pavement mingled with the fumes of a laundry window peeping above the sidewalk, till Antoine's nose followed his fancy, back over the pages of history, and sniffed the trampled straw of a tumbril rumbling its death note, or the jolly scent wafted from the windows of M. de Treville's musketeers. And he listened and sniffed and thought, until he was filled with a great yearning, after something — he didn't know quite what — perhaps unattainable.

So he asked Thérèse whether she knew what this great yearning meant. And Philippe knew that it meant Thérèse; but Thérèse thought that it meant dinner, and said so. Antoine said that, ah, Paris, with its hurrying thousands, was a thing of dreams,— there were really only the two of them, alone, walking through eternity. Philippe felt left out, and remarked that eternity was a long walk. Thérèse said she preferred the Café Foyot as a destination, so they persuaded Antoine to change his plans.

A glare of lights, a wave, a flood, a veritable deluge of warm, comfortable odors, with a sudden din and rattle of dishes as the garçon burst through the swinging door, and raced up, all hot plates, silver, and clean napkins, — lo, they were deep in the mysteries of that most hospitable of cafés, the Foyot. *Cotelettes pour trois*, a *pâte* of some sort, a *soufflé*, some excellent Bordeaux — a modest repast, capped with three delicious sips of cognac — and they sat wreathed in smoke and measureless content.

Then, after the fashion of student lovers, Antoine secured Thérèse's right hand beneath the table, and Philippe, not to be outdone, appropriated the left. But as a position of this kind is meet only for the expression of the most tender sentiments, and one cannot wax emotional with one's rival sitting opposite, both of them soon became very furious, until Antoine could contain himself no longer, and thundered, "Philippe!" — and Philippe vociferated, "Antoine!" in return — and Thérèse

broke in, "Messieurs! Philippe! Antoine! You must stop it — you *must!* I—will—not—endure it!"

"But, Thérèse," — Antoine was almost in tears now — "you must decide between the two of us."

"How often have I said, I cannot?"

"But you must now—you must—once for all!" this from Philippe.

Thérèse laughed. That laugh meant everything—or nothing—whichever way you wish to put it.

"You are both painters," she said. "This is what we will do. I will give my love to whichever this moment proves himself the greatest artist. Whichever shall give to me the greatest inspiration, whichever shall put before my eyes the conception of the greatest painting, shall pay for the dinner — and have my love."

A moment's pause — Antoine was already on fire.

"Thérèse—"

"Antoine."

"You remember that time I met you outside of Madame Emélie's and took you on top of a *tram*, and we rode all the way to Montmartre?" — Thérèse remembered — "well, that very afternoon, I received a great inspiration. You remember how we climbed the long flights of stone steps to the cathedral, and all Paris lay stretched out below, to where the red west smouldered around the dome of the Invalides? The struggling rays that pierced the clouds made long white streaks upon the dust floating up from the city, till they struck the spire of the Sainte Chapelle on the left, the Arc de Triomphe on the right, the Beaux Arts and the long façades of the Louvre. I said then to myself, it is the dust of toil that rises from a multitude of busy teams, from the messenger carrying tidings, the laborer that wields his pick, the scientist and the engineer. The light which breaks from the west and floods the housetops is the spirit which beats in the hearts of the thousands that toil — the spirit of empire. In the picture — you have read how the hypnotist makes the atmosphere whirl with little atoms that

reel and dance and twist until they form themselves into the shape of living things? — well, from that furnace behind the Invalides I will make poets, generals, kings of industry and of men, roll out in glorious array, blended with and yet separate from the clouds, the shadows of the living spirit, the half-forgotten memories of the dead, — prophets of the greatness of France. There will be a Charlemagne, with many other Carolingians and the line of Capet, a Henri Quatre, a Richelieu, a Corneille with his poet's scrolls, a Molière and a Victor Hugo. On the outskirts of the city, where its roofs and spires, its gardens and broad boulevards, stretch dark and immense to the horizon on every side, with the river running, like a silver thread through the mist, the black hosts of other nations will kneel in submission, while above sweep the legions of the Empire, banners unfurled, and Napoleon, with that hand of destiny pointed upwards. You understand, Thérèse? It will be a great allegorical painting — I will call it 'The Empire Spirit' — Thérèse? — you understand? —"

Thérèse smiled, and understood. Then she turned to Philippe. Philippe rose, as if to propose a toast, and drained his glass, and made a grand bow:

"Mademoiselle," he said, "I, too, will paint a picture, which shall be called the 'Empire Spirit.' It will be symbolical of what is best and greatest in the land, of the inspiration of the multitudes, and the guiding spirit of its leaders. *Enfin, chérie*, it will be a picture of your own sweet self! — Eh? — Garçon, bring *me* the check!"

Seymour Blair.

THE COUNTERSIGN.

MISS JANE HOOKER laid note-book and pencil leisurely in her top drawer and pushed her chair close to the typewriter desk. As she removed her black working apron, she yawned loudly.

"Gee, but I'm tired!" she exclaimed. "Four nights out a week are my limit. No wonder it seems such a long morning!"

She walked over to Miss "Gussie" Hahn, the star stenographer of R. C. Fenton & Co.'s insurance office, who was pounding away at her Underwood for dear life. Miss Hooker scanned the top letter of a good sized pile which lay on the arm-rest of Miss Hahn's desk.

"Say, girls," she exclaimed to the back office force, which numbered six, exclusive of the office boy, "what d' yer think of this? Mr. Fenton forgot to sign that brokered policy for Stanton in New York. I guess Stanton threw it into him a little, for this letter's about the meekest Mr. Fenton ever wrote — 'Regretting exceedingly the unpardonable oversight on our part, and trusting that the delay may occasion you no serious inconvenience, we beg to remain, very truly yours,' — oh, feathers!"

Miss Jacobs, industriously alternating tissue sheets, oil-boards and wet cloths at the letter-press table, turned around.

"Wish't he'd save a little of his politeness for people 'round here," she exclaimed. "He's had an awful grouch on for the last two or three weeks."

Miss Hahn raised her eyebrows and gazed around with her superior air.

"Yes, indeed, girls, Mr. Fenton has manifested most marked signs of moodiness and nervousness within the past few weeks."

"How many renewals have you out?" she asked Miss Hooker, who was carrying the heavy expiration book toward the vault.

"Up to the tenth," replied that young lady, "but that's only a fifth; there's an awful bunch coming later; you know Hartley and Raymond's and the Harmon Co.'s expire this month."

The buzzer rang sharply three times.

Miss Hahn rose and started for the front office. Robert Fenton, the "boss," was seated behind his flat-topped desk in the main office, applying his signature stamp briskly to a pile of letters and attached daily reports. A long, black, unlighted cigar was in his mouth and this he was nervously twisting from one side to the other. Miss Hahn seated herself at the desk and waited, pencil in hand.

"Take this letter to H. E. Dorman, 92 William Street, New York City:—'Replying to your inquiry of the fifth instant, in re—' "

The door opened suddenly, and a big burly man strode in.

"Busy, Bob? I won't keep you long."

Fenton had drawn a quick, short breath as the newcomer entered, and a peculiar pallor grew upon his hard, lean face.

"I'll call you in a few minutes, Miss Hahn."

He rose and without a word to the newcomer led the way to his private office. When the visitor was seated, Fenton closed the door. Then he turned the desk chair around and sat down facing the newcomer. He gripped the arm of his chair with moist, trembling fingers.

"Well?"

The voice that issued from his dry, bloodless lips was harsh with suppressed emotion.

"It's all up," Frank Hartley answered simply. Then he drew a folded paper from his inner pocket and gazed stonily at it.

"My God!" gasped Fenton.

"Ruined — that's about it, Bob. There's no chance now for Hartley and Raymond, Inc., or, to get down to facts," he paused and looked fixedly at Fenton, "for Frank W. Hartley and R. C. Fenton, silent partner. I hoped — I thought this would have saved us." His voice was dull and lifeless; he

shoved the folded paper over to Fenton. "We've lost the contract by a bare five thousand. As I've told you before, that was absolutely our last hope. We did the best — or the worst — we could. That nine-point drop of C. M. and N. took the last cent of the seventy-five per cent. mortgage. Our speculation might have turned out O. K. — but it didn't. We were on the edge after the financial depression last year, and our only chance was the Street. We've lost it; we're over now." He wandered on in a dull, reminiscent tone.

Abruptly he paused. He took a short, stubby cigar from a handsome, gold-initialed case, and gazed at the baskets, neatly piled with weighted papers, on Fenton's desk. Nothing broke the silence but the distant click of typewriters and the dull, muffled roar of traffic on the street without.

Suddenly, with nervous irrelevancy, Fenton exclaimed, "By the way, the insurance on the factory runs off this week. The policies will probably be ready this afternoon. I'll have them mailed to-night."

Hartley looked up sharply.

"Insurance," he murmured slowly.

He looked fixedly at Fenton with a peculiar expression in his narrowed eyes.

Fenton caught his breath sharply. A quick, significant look of understanding flashed between the two men. Fenton jumped up, strode to the door leading to the outer office, and turned the key in the keyhole. When he stepped back, Hartley was scribbling something on a figuring pad. Without a word he passed it to Fenton. Fenton read it, tore off the sheet, and wrote a reply. Silently they exchanged notes three times. Silently Fenton gathered up the six sheets and laid them on the grate of the open fire-place. The scratch of a match and the flare of a flame followed. Hartley rose, looked at Fenton, and without a word, left the room.

As the outer door slammed, Fenton jumped up and started for the back office, a new resolve graven on his aggressive jaw and firmly compressed lips. He burst in upon the back-office

force listening with rapt attention to Miss Hahn's criticism of Ethel Barrymore's latest play.

"How far on are you with the Hartley-Raymond policies? Been entered yet?"

He seized a pile of unfolded policies which Miss Hahn pushed toward him, and glanced them over quickly.

"All written up, I see. Well, girls, these will have to be re-written. Where's the line card?"

Miss Hahn detached it from a card cabinet and handed it to Fenton. He studied it intently for a moment, then busied himself with figuring pad and pencil.

"See here, Miss Hahn, I want this entire line put into the Imperial, Royal British, Columbia National, Phoenix and Holland-American. Split the \$500,000 evenly between them. Get the binders right off." He seized the policies, emptied into a basket on the desk the company and office daily reports which were inside, and deliberately tore the policies in half. "Enter these through the books spoiled. Make out lost policy receipts for them, get them out this afternoon sure, so I can sign them and send them off to-night."

It was late that afternoon when Miss Hooker laid the five re-written policies on Miss Hahn's desk.

"Here, Gussie, there's the five Hartley-Raymond policies Mr. Fenton wanted to-night."

A minute later Miss Hahn rose, gathered up the policies and a pile of letters and company dailies, and took them out to Fenton's private office.

"Wait a minute, Miss Hahn. I'll sign these now, and you can have them sent off."

Fenton picked up the five Hartley-Raymond policies and started to look them over. A faint, grim smile played about his boldly cut lips, but the hand that turned the crackling bond paper of the policies trembled strangely. He drew out and uncapped his fountain pen.

Just at this moment the outside door of the outer office opened, and a clear, suave voice exclaimed:

"Good evening, Sumner! Is Bob in?"

The young man in the outer office replied in the affirmative and stepped toward Fenton's private office.

At the sound of the voice of the newcomer, Fenton had started violently. He dropped the pen and started to his feet. Something seemed to swell and catch in his throat. He felt the calm eyes of Miss Hahn gazing at him in mild surprise.

The door opened. Sumner stood there.

"Mr. Wood to see you, sir."

"Why, hello, Ed! Come in, come in!" exclaimed Fenton, a ready smile on his lips.

The newcomer strode up, hand outstretched. He was Edmund J. Wood, U. S. A. Central Dept. Manager for the Imperial Fire of England, whose policy Fenton was on the point of signing.

"How are you, Bob! Just ran in here for a look around. I leave to-morrow for Philadelphia."

The two men sat down in Fenton's private office.

"Anything new?" inquired Wood.

"Nothing special; I'm going to put you on for an additional twenty thousand on Carrington Co.'s plant. O. K.?"

"Glad to get it. Give us all you can, while you can. You know, getting 1.15, ninety per cent. blanket form, on a fine sprinklered risk like that, is like taking money from a blind man's cup! By the way, just as I was leaving, a wire came from you binding a pretty stiff line on Hartley & Raymond's. It's O. K., we'll swing it for you, but it's pretty near our limit."

Fenton felt a sudden tingling sensation at the back of his neck. His hand gripped the arm of his chair with a convulsive twitch.

"Er—er—yes. I did give the Imperial a little extra this year. It's—er—a pretty good risk of its kind."

Wood nodded.

"It got by the Factory Improvement Committee in good shape."

Miss Hahn, having failed to attract attention by assiduous foot-tapping, coughed loudly. Fenton looked up.

"Oh, pardon me, Miss Hahn; you can go."

"Is that mail ready?"

"See if all my letters are stamped and signed; if so, send them off."

Miss Hahn picked up the assortment of letters and the five policies, and went out.

It was just closing hour of the following day when Fenton strode into the back office. The covers were on the typewriters. The books had been cleared away, and the girls were getting their gloves and chatelaine bags from the drawers of their desks.

"Miss Hahn, would it be too much for me to ask you to stay a short time this evening? There are a few letters I have forgotten which have to be sent out to-night."

Miss "Gussie" bowed a dignified assent to Fenton's wishes; then, catching Miss Hooker's eye, she winked solemnly.

The last girl had just left the office when Miss Hahn took her seat beside Fenton's desk, opened her note book, and waited with pencil poised in readiness. Fenton sat at his desk, running through a basketful of papers, some of which he checked with a broad pencil stroke and threw over to Miss Hahn. His fingers were trembling and a peculiar light glittered in his narrowed eyes. He looked up, letter in hand.

"Take this letter to L. Rawdon Hemingway, Supt. Claim Dept., Metropolitan Fire Insur — what's that?"

He started up, lips parted. A sparkling glitter scintillated from the blue-white solitaire on the little finger of his trembling hand. Miss Hahn looked at him in astonishment.

"What's what, Mr. Fenton?"

"Didn't you hear a fire bell?"

"No; and none rang, for the little bell in the back office would be ringing if it had."

"H'um, that's so. I—er—thought I heard it."

He gazed intently through Miss Hahn's elaborately coiffured hair until that young woman's surprised glance brought him back to earth.

He looked at the letter which he still held in his hand.

"Let me see, where was I?"

Abruptly he yanked out his watch. He gazed at it intently for a moment, then he looked up, head on one side, as if expecting something.

"Don't you feel well, Mr. Fenton? Perhaps you would like me to——"

"There! Listen!" Fenton broke in.

A little bell in the rear office was ringing sharply. Fenton had jumped up and was running toward the back office to count the number. Miss Hahn looked after him in mild amazement. He came back shortly and must have read Miss Hahn's astonishment from her look, for in a voice which he strove to make indifferent, he said:

"I was too late to catch the number. Would you mind calling up the fire department and finding out what it is?"

She whipped the receiver from the desk 'phone.

"Six double O!"

"Hello, Fire Department? This is Fenton's Insurance Agency. Can you tell us where the fire is? —— Hartley & Raymond's? —— You think so? —— All right; thanks."

As she looked up she found Fenton gazing at her with startling intentness.

"Fire's up at Hartley & Raymond's rubber factory. Said it looks like a big one. A second alarm's just been sent in."

The warning clang of a fire-bell, rapidly coming nearer, sounded in the ears of both. The air was suddenly filled with a confused sound of clanging bells, clattering hoofs and rumbling wheels. The sound grew fainter and was lost amidst the resumed uproar of cars and teams in the street below.

Miss Hahn gazed up in Fenton's face. His lips were parted, and behind them his teeth were set tightly together. A peculiar light was gleaming in his eyes. Suddenly he turned to the girl.

"Call up the L. P. Strauss Company. Their place is near Hartley & Raymond's. Find out how things are going!"

It was some minutes before the girl was able to get a connection. Fenton walked up and down the room, his hands clenched behind him. He bit one unlighted cigar through, spat

out the pieces, and stuck a new one in the corner of his mouth.

"Hello, Strauss's? Is Mr. Roberts there? — Hello, Mr. Roberts; this is R. C. Fenton & Co. Mr. Fenton wants to know whether we can keep an open connection with you and find out how the fire goes. — All right. — Thank you, very much."

Laying the receiver on the desk, she turned to Fenton.

"Good for you, Miss Hahn; that's a good idea! What's happening?"

"Mr. Roberts said it looks pretty bad. Said it seems to be on fire all over and gaining every minute. A third special alarm has just been sent in."

She put the receiver to her ear and waited. Fenton drew a box of matches from his pocket and lit one. Gazing fixedly at a desk opposite, he allowed it to burn on. At once he dropped it with a smothered imprecation. He lit another. This he applied to the end of his cigar. He blew out quick, short puffs of smoke, which curled, snake-like, around the green shaded electric light over the desk.

"Hello; yes. — Yes. — Don't seem to work? — All right."

Again she laid the receiver on the desk and turned to Fenton.

"He says the fire seems out of the control of the firemen and that the whole plant's blazing up. He says nobody can understand it if the sprinkler equipment's O. K. He thinks something's wrong with it and that it hasn't worked. Don't see through that myself. They have a triple supply Grinnell sprinkler equipment, haven't they?"

"Yes—er—yes, they have. But it's possible—it—er—has happened, that they get out of order or get smashed at the beginning of the fire — by some accident to them, by something falling as a result of the fire itself — after the fire started, you understand."

He spoke with an eager, nervous haste. Miss Hahn looked at him, puzzled.

"Why, yes, of course; how else could they be out of order?"

"Oh, er—er—no way at all; absolutely none!" He lowered his eyes and twirled the masonic insignia on his watch chain with trembling fingers.

Several minutes passed in silence.

"Hello; yes, — vulcanizing shop? — Can't be saved? — All right, I see. Thank you very much, Mr. Roberts. Good-bye."

She hung the receiver up and faced Fenton.

"Mr. Roberts says there's been a big explosion in the vulcanizing department——"

Fenton drew in a quick breath.

"——He thinks the gasoline tank in the inner yard must have been smashed by some falling beam and then blew up. He says the fire department can't do anything with it. The walls are falling. He says there's no hope, that it can't be saved."

"H'm; it can't be saved." He spoke slowly, dwelling upon each word with peculiar stress. Strangely, a look of relief was appearing on his pale features. Suddenly he jumped up, a new animation about him.

"All right, Miss Hahn! Never mind any more telephoning. Send for a telegraph boy and get telegrams to the special agents of the Imperial, Royal British, Columbia National, Phoenix and Holland-American. Give 'em brief particulars and tell 'em to be here to-morrow sure."

Miss Hahn bowed silently. He looked at her through half closed eyes. His habitual coolness had returned to him. She had been watching him this evening, he reflected. He pulled out his watch.

"I say, Miss Hahn, it's pretty late. What do you say to dropping down to the Breslau with me for dinner? I've a couple of tickets for the show up at the Criterion. I'll 'phone up to the house that I have to stay down town this evening. I shall, shan't I?"

Miss "Gussie" Hahn acquiesced with a demure smile.

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It was a little after two o'clock on the following afternoon when the outer door of R. C. Fenton & Co.'s office opened and in stepped Eugene S. Bowman, special agent of the Holland-American Insurance Company. He dropped his suit-case in a corner and seated himself in a chair beside Fenton's desk. He puffed vigorously at a half smoked cigar.

"Bad business, Bob; damned bad business! Am I the first here? H'm; I think I'll go right over to the place—that is—what *was* the place. Just a shell of the building left, isn't there?"

"Not much more," answered Fenton; "about the cleanest wipe-out there's ever been in this city."

"H'm; it's a mighty good thing for Hartley & Raymond that the Big Five carry all the insurance; and even they will be stuck pretty deeply. You bet your sweet life there'll be no twenty per cent. semi-annual dividend this year for our company or any of the other four!"

He rose.

"I'll be back in half an hour, Bob. Bye, bye."

It was less than that time when Bowman returned. Fenton looked up with a start of surprise, for Bowman's plump face was beaming. The special agent rushed up to Fenton and clapped him jovially over the back, exclaiming:

"Jove, man, I've learned something new — that at certain occasions it pays to make mistakes!" He lay back in his chair, shaking with laughter, regarding Fenton with merrily twinkling eyes. "Hartley & Raymond will sue you, without doubt, — I would myself! — but it'll do no good — the companies will defend you, and give you a testimonial into the bargain!"

"Wha—what do you mean?" Fenton stammered.

Bowman burst into a peal of laughter.

"Lord, Bob, it's rich! I've just looked at the policies — you forgot to sign them! Ha! Ha! Lord, how we've stuck them. But, man, what's up! — you're as pale as a ghost!"

Fenton licked his lips, drew in his breath with a short, quick gasp, and forced a distorted smile.

"Nothing—nothing, old man; I—I was only—thinking how —badly—they're—stuck!"

E. Norman Hickman.

THE OLD TAVERN SIGN-BOARD.

"Good Welcome Here for Man and Beast,"—
So reads the signboard's faded side,
That shivers in the moaning wind.
It rose at sundown from the east,
And thro' the clapboards gaping wide,
Throughout the dismal night it whined.

The road has wound beyond the hill,
The loaded stage has left the door
Where asters now enfold the stone
And nodding phlox peers o'er the sill.
The grapes drop silent to the floor,
Where the vine has through the window grown.

The sun steals wondering o'er the wall,
And through the lifeless window's space;
It gently rests its golden square
On the empty hearth, as if to call
Back to its ancient resting place
The long-lost flame once leaping there.

Where wearied travellers stopped refreshed,
And kindred hearts in the ruddy room
Kindled warm with the social blaze,
Bowed now are rafters, once enmeshed
In webs of firelight and of gloom,
A shifting, red, fantastic maze.

Lone now the hearth and fled the train
Of wandering guests who tarried here.
The wild wind through the casement wide
Soughs as it sweeps the pelting rain
With pitiless gusts in the midnight drear,
O'er the rattling vine to the shingles tied.

Elmer D. Keith.

NOTABILIA.

At the root of the agitation for the Senior Oval was the old question of Yale tradition. Those who spell it with a big T and sigh over the waning popularity of this or that decrepit custom, have found this movement a menace to the thing they cherish, and have scented sedition in the proposal. But those who have looked deeper into Yale tradition, and have searched out its origin and its purpose, felt that in standing on the side of the new scheme they were in harmony with the true spirit of our past. The tradition which has prescribed Vanderbilt as a senior dormitory is but a recent one at best, and did not arise out of any desire to steep the undergraduates, for one whole year before graduation, in the academic atmosphere, which, we are told, centers around Vanderbilt Court. The class which first lived there knew as well as we that many of the rooms are noisy and many of them dark; nor can we believe that they laid much emphasis on academic seclusion, with all Chapel Street, then as now, watching from the other side of the fence. The Old Campus, elms and all, could not have been as dear a consideration as the friendships of the men they might know, here in our intimate life, for just one more year. They went there, once for all, because they wanted to be together; because they knew that it was heart and soul of the Yale system that, one year at least, the whole class should be together, and should learn to know each other as tent companions of old.

This is the spirit at the bottom of this Yale tradition, and it is well that each class should take thought for perpetuating that spirit. For this purpose Vanderbilt is no longer adequate. Each year the separation of the class between the Court and the Oval has become more marked. The solution offered solves the difficulty so simply and so satisfactorily that we wonder that it has not been thought of before. Perhaps our

eyes were blinded by too golden a haze of traditionalism, perhaps we have been wont to go too unthinkingly, year after year, in the same beaten path. Making much of tradition as we do, we must, in all earnestness pause, now and again, to study whether or not we have read our traditions aright. Nineteen Ten, to our thinking, has lost an opportunity to break away from the rather sentimental custom which has bound us, and to hand down to coming classes what we believe is the correct interpretation of our dormitory system.

R. D. F.

PORTFOLIO.

ON READING "IN MEMORIAM."

I roam the darkly splendid vale,
 Each pulsing depth of woe to sound;
 Pausing at treasure-temples found,
 The sorrow-shining peaks I scale,

Where wait calm forms with solaced eyes,
 Whom, nigh o'erwhelmed, great Alfred's lyre
 With fruitful wailing did inspire
 Like him on Azrael's wings to rise.

For Love, transfigured here by Grief,
 Transfigures Grief to more than Joy,
 Divinely purged of Self's alloy,
 And freed from desperate Unbelief.

T. Lawrason Riggs.

—Ever seen me feed the chickens? Ain't ye? You c'n come on out ef ye want to. Don't know as you care, but city folks is interested in most anything. I ain't got but twelve of 'em now; Henry popped over old Spanish Lady 'fore breakfast this mornin'. Used to foller me into the house sometimes and fly up in my lap when I was peelin' potatoes. We was great twins; but them's her yaller legs stickin' up there now! See 'em? 'Ts the last of ol' Spanish Lady! Looks like—he, he! Puts me in mind of them sunbeams streamin' out over the minister's head down 't church—*you* know, from the crown o' life. It does, though—branches out just like that. Mebbe I hadn't ought to of said that, though; it's sacrilegious. 'S funny how hens do remind you of more things, though. Most every one of 'em I call for a neighbor. Here, chick, chick, chick! See that one,—in there, with the red comb fallin' sideways a bit. She's Miss Crosby, *done to death!* Look at her now,—cocks her head just so—he, he, he! That's jus' the way Miss Crosby looked at my pies down 't the sale. And she walks that awful careful way, too. Why, *you* know—thin ol' lady that was walkin' in front of us comin' up from the church las' night, with her aunt Maria's

dress on that she had afore she died. Didn't ye notice? Well, I always do; you had a blue tie on when you first came to live 't the Ridge. She's got awfully thin ankles, an' mebbe it's because there ain't much to 'em, she pretends to be awfully dainty how she sets 'em down.

There was a little girl — he, he! You don't remember three summers ago, do you? We was takin' boarders then; Henry wa'n't so nervous, an' — an' we had the horse, so's we could. Here, chick, chick, chick, chick! I love to watch 'em pick at each other, don't you? It's like a spat in the choir. We had two choirs one year — at once; but, howsoever, this little girl, they called her Goldylocks. Queer name, but they called her it. She was a spoilt child, — least, I ferget you come from the city — don't know's you would call it spoilt; but you know some people can't bear to be made of, an' as Henry used to say, she was an awful tarmint. "*Thet* child ain't reductin' on her board," he used to say; "she's tekken ten years out o' my life this very minute, — watchin' her make her father n' mother drive roun' to the river road 'stead'n the upper." An eat! Bless ye, ef I didn't have to hide my tarts where nobody but Henry could get 'em, by bringin' up the ladder from the cellar! But there! she was awful engagin', — curls, you know, yaller as them stiff legs there, an' soft as grass. An' her eyes couldn't look at you 'thout smilin'. She was quick, too; she'd jump up an' kiss Henry an' pull his beard, an' he'd sorter wipe his mouth an' try to smile. He don't like kisses, an' I know that. Did you hear 'bout tuberc'losis 'r consumption, 'r somethin' bein' in kisses? Guess lovers'll hev to make a change now.

Well, — speakin' about Miss Crosby — you know she lives up at the end o' the lane an' they leaves her mail in here. She's a sort o' odd Dick anyway. Mos' generally she comes down to get it on her way to the store; but sometimes there's days between when she won't no more speak into the house than eat one o' my lemon pies. But she's jus' as pertic'lar 'bout her mails, an' won't allow that we hold 'em an hour 'thout her havin' 'em. It makes it pretty inconvenient sometimes, but one day I says as I can send Goldylocks up with one. She was pesterin' me awful, an' the letter was only an advertisin' bullenteen f'r an incubator — northin' old Miss Crosby could use! He, he, she lives her hens

in the kitchen! Well, that child was young an' pretty full o' tunes, an' she scampered right off up the lane. 'Twasn't but about no time, I heard a sort of excitement up that way. Seems 's if I heard that child screamin', an' says I, "Miss Crosby must a' have on the crank to-day," but I couldn't contrive what was the matter. She's mos' generally a very plausible, smart lady; but she has them turns once in a while, when she gets wample-cropped and lonely. I didn't wait for no sunbunnit, but legged it up that lane like a streak o' slippery lightnin'. You know where it comes out in Miss Crosby's front pasture, clus by the little pond with the bendin' willows; — an' if there weren't Miss Crosby shakin' Goldylocks until that child's tears spattered all over the ground! She was the most distress-ed lookin' creature I ever see, an' I knew her mother loved herself to death on that child. Miss Crosby was a-cryin', too, but goin' at her rough; and it wasn't no time 'fore I touched that girl and set her down, still a-hollerin', on the grass.

"Miss Crosby," I says sternly, "I'm glad you done it; but 'taint in the bargain for her folks to know. What set ye to motherin' her?"

"She wouldn't give me my letter; she throwed it in the pond," says Miss Crosby, all tremblin' like. I never seed her so before. She was straighter'n ever, but there ben a sort of humbleness an' forlornedness about her that I never seed before. "It — it might be the letter I was lookin' for," she says.

"What?" says I; an', would you believe it? There was a lover of hers as went away to the war, an' she's been lookin' for him ever sence! She'd ben livin' up there all these years an' never said it! I never 'lowed I'd like Miss Crosby 'fore that; but then was the time, — I don't know fairly, but you know how 'tis, some folks you can't like till you know their troubles; an' Miss Crosby, she wouldn't a' spoke for all the world.

Well, 'twa'n't but a minute an' her mother comes runnin' down, — Goldylocks' mother, — big fat lady, funniest thing that ever I saw; couldn't talk without makin' a face, an' now she was hollerin' like a lost cow. "Did you whip my Goldylocks?" says she. He, he! "You're a plum ungrateful creature!" she says. And she began pettin' an' coaxin' the little girl an' feelin' her over like she could fall to pieces. But Miss Crosby ain't put

a stick to her at all; so up she speaks, but 'twa'n't no use; an' I explained as how she had thrown away a letter — but that it was only advertisin' — incubators, not lovers — but that lady wouldn't accept of no argument. "It's my child you done it to," she says; an' I guess it was! Nubbody else'd want her. So when her week was up, she goes, an' I comforted myself with "Good riddance of bad rubbish." It was hard havin' no boarders, though; but I says, "Better a dinner o' yerbs where love is than a stalled ox and hatred therein," an' so she goes. Well, that's all there is to it, but 'twas the most excitin' time of my life, but gettin' married an' funerals, an' so on. An' two or three times a year Miss Crosby comes down an' sets down with a needle an' talks 's if it does her good, an' for a week then I'll like her. Can't offer her none o' my pies, though; but different folks have different ways, and everybody's brung up different, so we can't none of us tell. We just have to laugh an' take our pleasure when we can. Guess that's why I love to see those hens' necks a-jigglin'.

Wa-al, got to go in! Can't be settin' on this back platform all mornin', — not while I've got ol' Spanish Lady to pick. She was an awful pretty hen; want to see her? Come right in, do, an' you can listen. I'd be glad to talk to ye. Oh! that reminds me! there goes Miss Bridgman — I mean the black an' white thoroughbred nigh the woodpile — an' I promised to send her down a pint of cream when the meat man comes round. But, no, 'tain't no bother, I c'n talk jes' the same, an' I want to tell ye what happened to Miss Bridgman one time.

Elmer D. Keith.

—When Silas Fuller led Harriet Quimby, non-resisting, into the bonds of holy matrimony, Cadiz perceived the longed-for solution of its prime conversational difficulty and thrilled to the Wedding March as performed on the thousand-dollar organ of the First Episcopal Church. This Cadiz, as the intelligent reader has presumed from the foregoing sentence, is allied by name alone to the citron-scented, vivid Spanish town. No majo strums a gilt guitar in any shaded courtyard nor does any damsel drop a

*SLEEPING
DOGS.*

scarlet passion-flower from fainty arabesqued balcony. Cadiz is the centre of Buckler County, Ohio. Its inhabitants are one-fourth *soi disant* American, for the rest pure Suabian.

The one-fourth of Cadiz whose doings are chronicled in the "Cadiz Courier" thronged to the nuptials of Harriet Quimby. Harriet was a figure in Cadiz society. For ten years she had suavely virgined it as supreme head of the Cadiz Public Library and Reading Room. Her reputation for knowledge and (in Cadizese) *refinement* surpasses all belief. She was under forty, it is true, but possessed the other F's to a pleasing degree. That Silas Fuller should select her as the partner of his mature years was only fitting, assented the matronal jury which ruled the metropolis of Buckler County.

"And now," said Mrs. Villey to Mrs. Harrison, deftly ridding her Sunday silk of the rice still lingering in its folds, "now we'll know where he comes from and who he is and where he got his money."

Thus she summed up the difficulty existing in the person of Silas Fuller.

Mrs. Harrison nodded grimly.

"If I'd ever a' had the gall to open his cedar box I'd ha' known long ago."

Fuller had occupied two rooms in the widow Harrison's house for the six years of his residence and her horn had thereby been exalted in the sight of all. She wore an eternal expression of "I could if I would." As a matter of fact, she knew no more than the rest of the world, saving that she could vouch that he *did* wear silk pajamas and his clothes were *all* made in New York.

He was a stout, well set up man of some fifty years, light haired, with a heavy cavalry moustache and steel-colored eyes. His official status was Manager of the People's Savings Bank, a sinecure worth about twenty-five hundred per annum. That he spent five times that a year, all allowed. His careful attire, the horses he kept, and his immaculate coupé, his entertainments, and his supply of light literature were the world's wonder. He was a person of reserves, however, and the depths beneath his bland and polished surface guarded their pearls inviolate. Society had conceded that the square cedar box in his bed room was

the link with a past full of adventure and, possibly, amorous experience.

Silas Fuller had paralyzed Cadiz by going out to dinner in evening clothes (an example ruinous to youth); he had given a cotillion (grievously mangled in the public mouth) for Lulu Parker when she came home from boarding school at Cleveland; the favors were clear from the East and decorated many parlors for weeks thereafter. In the year of grace nineteen hundred four he introduced bridge and organized a club, for which many of the young men forsook the pool rooms of the Square. Great was his glory!

When the bridal couple returned from their tour and took possession of the house Fuller had furnished, Mrs. Fuller proclaimed herself at home from five to seven, Fridays, and stupefied the inrush of callers with a Japanese manservant. A phonograph also discoursed strange harmonies. The establishment was declared perfection and in every way suitable to a union of two such lights.

Mrs. Villey it was who opened fire for the community.

"I s'pose, Hattie, you saw a lot o' Mr. Fuller's folks in N' York?"

Harriet was undisturbed.

"No, but his friends were very nice to me—"

And ensued a long description of a lunch at Sherry's which left Mrs. Villey gasping.

Similar attempts to elicit information anent the Fuller family were likewise frustrated. The truth was that his wife had penetrated no further into Fuller's silences than the rest of the world. He had been urbane, affectionate, considerate; but the cedar box retained its mystery.

As she was not, however, without speculation, chance one afternoon brought her to the corner of his bed room where the box lay. Much prying gossip had rendered her susceptible and she fancied rebuffs on Silas' part where her questions had passed unheeded. There might be nothing worth seeing, but why not know? He had never forbidden her to look. She knelt before the thing and shuddered a little. It was the moment of her life, she felt. Memories of a certain Fatima overcame her. Yet she put forth a plump hand to the polished lid.

It might have been that instead of going her way, as she did, with a contented humming a little later, that she burst from the room dishevelled, racked, and pallid. But she did not. What did she find? Perhaps there were old theatre programs, a tiny glove or two, some withered flowers, a daguerreotyped blonde of the Fauntleroy era — perhaps?

That evening the tea-drinkers were electrified by the widow Harrison's saying in affectation of great carelessness:

"I always did want to take a peek into that cedar box o' your husband's, Hattie! D'you know what he keeps there?"

Expectant silence sat leaden on every breast. Would the universe be dissolved?

Harriet followed the line of a scarlet dragon's career about her tea cup as she bent her head counting the seconds that ticked the steps of her ascent into Pisgah. Speak or be silent? Glory enduring or that which fadeth? To be partaker of her husband's aura, sharer of his secrets in the sight of Cadiz. Oh, Mother Eve, Madame Fatima, Pandora of Greece! Witness the triumph of this refined maturity.

Slowly she drained her mundane cup of tea and laid hands upon the cup of bliss.

"I know, of course, but I don't feel that I can tell," said Mrs. Silas Fuller.

Thomas Beer.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

The Track Team

On April 10th defeated the University of Virginia by the score of 86 to 31.

Miss Maude Adams

On April 19th gave a performance of *What Every Woman Knows* at the New Haven Theatre for the benefit of the Yale Dramatic Association.

The Gym. Team

On April 19th announced the re-election of F. C. Lewis, 1910, as captain of the 1910 team, and the election of F. E. Fisher, 1911, as manager.

The Scientific Monthly

On April 19th elected L. F. Bates, 1910 S., as chairman of the 1910 Board.

The University Fraternity of Alpha Chi Rho

On April 21st announced the election of the following men: G. H. Sanderson, 1910; W. E. Tillinghast, 1910; W. J. Wood, 1910 S.; M. G. Inghram, 1910 T. S.; E. Edwards, 1911 S.

The Ten Eyck Prize

On April 23d was awarded to S. E. Keeler, 1910. Second prizes were awarded to R. A. Taft, H. C. Cloud, E. S. Snyder, H. DeF. Widger.

The Golf Team

On April 24th defeated the Hartford Country Club by the score of 13 to 6.

The Gun Team

On April 24th defeated the Larchmont Yacht Club by the score of 401 to 395.

The Track Team

On April 24th won second and third places in the hammer throw, second in the high jump, first in the pole vault, second in the broad jump, and first in the two-mile relay. The time for the two-mile relay was 8 minutes, 22-5 seconds, breaking the collegiate record by 2 seconds.

The S. S. S. Fraternity of Theta Xi

On April 29th announced the election of the following men from the class of 1911 S.: M. E. Blanchard, A. Clarke, H. D. Cowan, W. M. Geddes, W. F. Kaynor, DeF. Manice, R. H. Matthiesson, J. McIntosh.

The Scientific Monthly

On April 30th held its annual banquet.

The Dramatic Association

On April 30th held its first annual smoker.

The S. S. S. Fraternity of Phi Sigma Kappa

On May 1st announced the election of R. McC. Brown, 1910 S.

The Gun Team

On May 1st defeated Harvard by the score of 230 to 219.

The Golf Team

On May 1st defeated the New Haven Country Club by the score of 8 to 6.

The Spring Track Meet

Held on May 3d resulted as follows: 1910, 26 points; 1909, 21½ points; 1909 S., 17 points; 1911, 17 points; 1911 S., 12½ points; 1910 S., 7 points; 1912, 6 points.

The Freshman Prizes

Have been awarded as follows:

The McLaughlin Memorial Fund: 1st prize, J. LeC. Bell; 2d prize, E. N. Hickman.

The Winston Trowbridge Townsend Prizes: P. V. Bowen, A. D. Gring, H. Hochschild.

Soccer Scores

April 1—Yale 8, Cornell 0.
April 10—Yale 1, Haverford 1.
April 17—Yale 1, Springfield Training School 0.

Baseball Scores

April 17—Yale 7, Trinity 1.
April 22—Yale 3, Fordham 2.
April 23—Yale 6, Tufts 1.
April 24—Yale 4, Cornell 3.
April 28—Yale 11, West Point 5.

In Memoriam

VICTOR SOBEL SHEAR, 1910

BOOK NOTICES.

The Playhouse and the Play. By Percy MacKaye. \$1.25.

Mr. MacKaye has published in this volume his collected addresses, delivered for the most part before various universities. It will be remembered that *The Dramatist as Citizen* was given here last February. The author regards the colleges as the best field for his addresses, considering college dramatic activities such as those of Yale a hopeful sign in the present state of the stage. These fine speeches have incidentally been slightly weakened by Mr. MacKaye's fondness for italicizing and by the number of additions to the original text. The "Introduction" is essential, the "Dozen Prompt Notes" valuable as an emphatic statement of faith, but the "Questions before the Curtain," though individually pertinent, are incoherent as a whole, while the final "Comments" had better have been incorporated in the addresses or left out entirely.

To abandon details, however, Mr. MacKaye is a courageous reformer of the most uncompromising radicalism. There is no hope for the theatre, he tells us, as long as it is on a commercial basis. All other arts are free, their laurels are awarded by masters; why should the drama alone be a business, subject to men whose rational aim is to ignore the rational aim of dramatic art? "It is absurd to demand that a business man shall ruin his private business. It is *not* absurd, however, to demand that a private business, whose legitimate function is that of a public art, shall be revolutionized to perform that function properly by ceasing to be a business." This is the sort of incisive ultimatum that the author is constantly launching. Occasionally he is arbitrary, for instance in his definition of the emotional appeal as an appeal to the senses only. His description of a fortunately hypothetical university run on a commercial basis combines humor with force to an extraordinary degree, but Mr. MacKaye's enthusiasm carries him too far when he prophesies that outgoing regiments will assemble to pray in the civic theatres, that the drama will, in short, be "the lay religion of the future"! But clear-sighted logic is the usual characteristic of the author's argu-

ments. Whatever one may think of the practicality of his ideals, their nobility is unquestionable.

The Fate of Iciodorum. By David Starr Jordan. \$0.90.

The book is not, as the name might lead us to believe, a bulky historical novel, but the remarkable combination of a political tract and a highly amusing tale. Under the guise of relating the history of the Octroi in the little French town of Issoire, President Jordan makes a spirited attack on the Protective Tariff. At Issoire, as elsewhere, much enthusiasm was aroused by the argument that goods purchased abroad are perishable, while imperishable gold is paid for them, so that by buying only what is made at home both goods and money will remain! But Issoire's carrying trade to the neighboring city of Clermont declined with the establishment of the Octroi. Yet this was only the beginning of the trouble. Those who desire a brisk presentation of the Free Trade side of the question will do well to read this little book.

Septimus. By William J. Locke. \$1.50. Illustrated.

Another delightful tale has flowed from Mr. Locke's whimsical pen. To give an outline of the plot would be unfair, on account of what might be called, to put it mildly, its improbabilities. But these pass unnoticed in the reading, for the characters are all of them delightfully human, while Septimus is a veritable creation. An absent-minded and impractical little inventor, he usually rises in the evening, breakfasting on such combinations as absinthe, poached eggs, and a raspberry ice. Also he has a retired burglar for his valet. Physically the picture of insignificant meekness, this extraordinary hero has, as one of the characters rightly says, such "exquisite delicacy of soul," that he succeeds in straightening out the lives of those about him when everything seems hopeless. He sacrifices himself without a murmur in the process, but on almost the last page, as is the author's wont, the plot decides to behave, so everybody, including Septimus, prepares to live happily ever afterwards.

Besides the never to be forgotten joy of knowing Septimus, the reader is kept in a constant state of mellow good humor by the exceeding charm of the novel's style. "Septimus trailed inconclusively behind." "The world looked disgusted at having to get

up on such a morning." "It was characteristic of him to sit unnecessarily in his own light." Aptnesses such as these are on nearly every page. There is an indefinable charm in the author's quaint incongruities, his sudden intimacies, his deft and subtle characterizations of human nature, that makes his language a perfect medium for his altogether engaging fancy.

Is Shakespere Dead? By Mark Twain. \$1.25.

The great and only Mark is neither a Shakespearite nor a Baconian, but a Brontosaurian. "The Brontosaurian doesn't know which of them did it, but is quite composedly and contentedly sure that Shakespeare *didn't*, and strongly suspects that Bacon *did*." The extraordinary name which Mark Twain has adopted for the cult of which he is the only member, is due to the somewhat roundabout reason that the "Stradfordolaters" have built their idol after the manner of a restored brontosaur of the author's acquaintance, consisting of nine bones and several barrels of plaster of Paris.

As in *Christian Science*, the writer is very serious in spite of his merriment. He makes a strong case for his side of the question, without recourse, and for this we are deeply grateful, to discussions of ciphers by whose intricacy the reader is dazed into meek submission. One realizes how very little is positively known of Shakespeare's life. The testimony of eminent legal authorities is adduced to show that such an intimate and thorough knowledge of the technicalities of the law, such easy discoursing on its most abstruse questions, as are shown in the *Poems and Plays* could only have been acquired by lengthy association with the life of the courts, and not possibly by the loiterings about Westminster that are usually advanced as an explanation. The author shows how great a man Bacon was, but disregards the fact that in none of his works does his literary personality resemble that of Shakespeare, besides attempting no explanation of why Bacon should wish to conceal his authorship. One must admit, however, after considering this highly entertaining and rational argument, that to support the belief that Shakespeare did write the *Poems and Plays*, the facts of his biography have had to be enlarged upon to an extent, is, to say the least, disquieting.

T. L. R.

The LIT. acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following volumes, some of which will be reviewed in subsequent issues :

Dana Estes and Company.

Our Plymouth Forefathers. Hanks. \$1.50.

Harper & Brothers.

An Englishman's Home. du Maurier. \$1.25.

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Songs from Sky Meadows. Crandall. \$1.00.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Dear me!" said the Saint, this morning. "Nothing is more discouraging to one of my temperament than the eternal perversity of heelers!" The Saint's tone was distinctly one of challenge. Not one of us but has at some time or other belonged to this unfortunate class; and I was strongly moved to accept his gauntlet. "Why," I objected, "do you not make it 'humans'? Most heelers are human. Besides," I added, dreamily, "the words begin with the same letter, and they have the same number of syllables. Really, 'humans' would fit almost as well." The Saint snorted in disgust. "And why," I continued, "this sudden damning of the innocent offenders? May I suggest that *you* do not have to read poems in pencil on *Sweet Love's Lane*? No, nor heated descriptions of the pathological phenomena of senile affection." The Saint interrupted with a wave of his hand. (I begin to suspect that the old gentleman is developing a fondness for theorizing.) "My remark," he said icily, "had reference to a phase of literary amateurism which I have often,"—he paused an instant to emphasize the last word—"often heard you yourself condemn vigorously." "Indeed?" I retorted, somewhat mollified. "You mean—well, which particular—er—evil do you mean?" The Saint struck the bell of the Sanctum's mediæval typewriter a resounding whack. "Sir," he said sternly, "you are illogical! But no matter. I had reference to your fiction-writers' abominable love of facts. Shades of Pan! Will they ever cease giving us history instead of romance? Did you ever hear, sir, that sentence of mine so justly quoted by my old friend Holmes? 'All generous minds have a horror of what are commonly called facts. They are the brute beasts of the intellectual domain.' Believe me, you should have that maxim framed in gold upon these walls. In gold, sir," and nodding seriously the Saint leaned back in the Sanctum's best chair. "I am not sure, even yet," I ventured, "that I catch your point. Surely the poor heelers offer us enough matter of a sensational nature to refute any attacks on the ground of their being prosaic?" The Saint sat up stiffly. There was something truly noble in his wrath. "And what do you say to those melodramatic attempts, sir? What criticism do you give—but that they are not true?" "Those are exactly our words," I retorted. "But that is hardly the heelers' fault." "One moment!" The Saint's voice fairly echoed around the sacred walls. "And what do they reply to your criticism? "Well," I confessed,

"they usually say their stories *can't* be untrue because they actually happened to some uncle of theirs."

The Saint rose majestically, beaming upon me. "*Voila!*" he said heavily, "what did I say? Facts! Always facts!" He went over to the door, and turned politely to take his leave. "Beware Holmes' ill-conditioned fact!" he repeated. "You should have that sentence of his — or rather, mine — upon these walls."

And as he went out I heard him muttering to himself, "In gold!"

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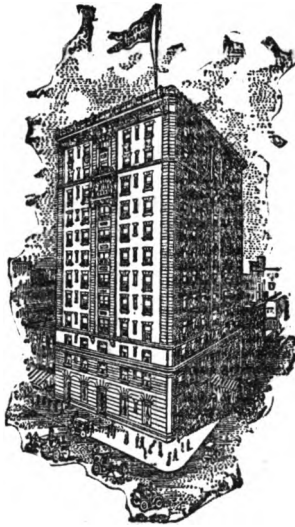
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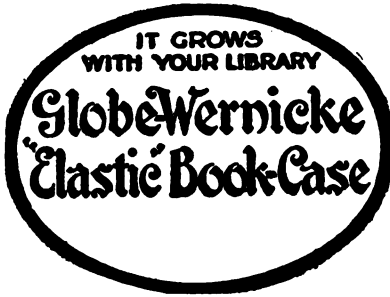
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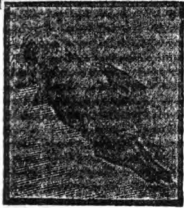
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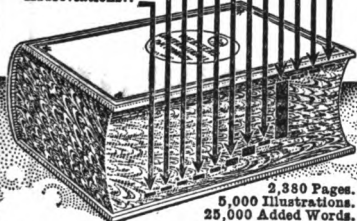
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